

THE DAY AFTER.
LICKED, AND THE WORLD LAUGHS AT YOU!



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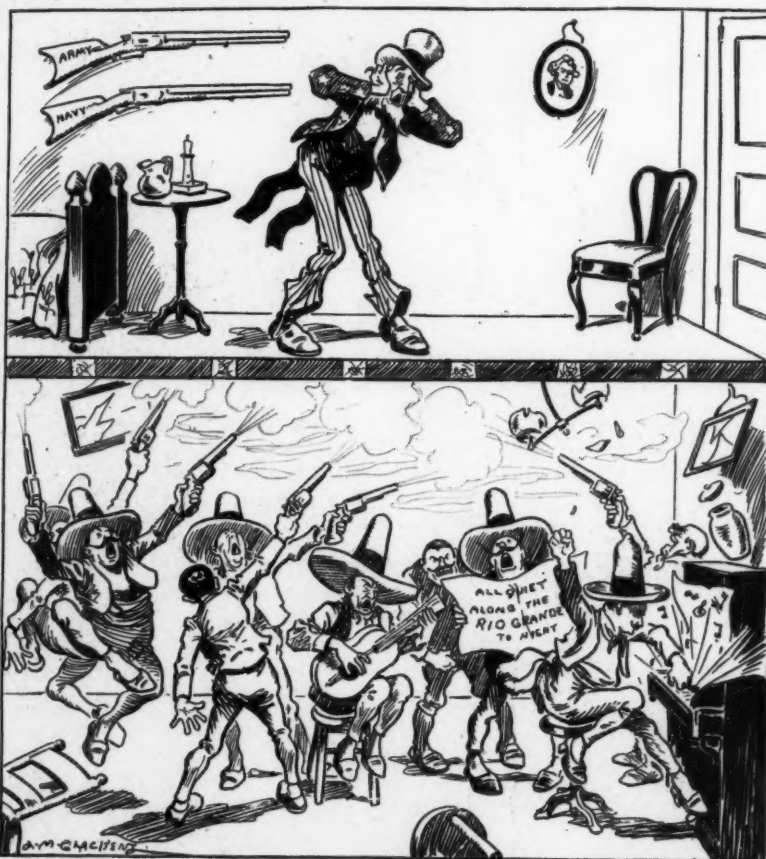
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Cartoons and Comments

A MATTER OF TEMPERAMENT. IT is a task of stupendous difficulty—that of teaching the Mexican Republic how to hold peaceable political campaigns and elections. The tendency to shoot, to dynamite, to knock down towns, and to blow up bridges seems to be inborn in the people south of us; or at least in all of them who get their names and achievements in the newspapers. How much better it would be for them if they could take pattern after the New York method of political campaigning. Here there is no shooting—the gangmen who shoot in off-seasons are too busy working for their Tammany district leaders when an election is nigh; no dynamiting disturbs the tranquil voter; excess steam that might expand to the danger-point is released in another and happier way. Rival candidates and campaign speakers call each other liars; liars “unmitigated” and liars “pure and simple.” That is much better than shooting or stabbing. Why does n't Mexico adopt it and have done with these wasteful disturbances? Alas, why? Is the Latin temperament the answer? Would it be impossible for rival Mexican candidates to call each other liars on the stump, and then say “Howdy, Manuel!” and “Hello, José, old man!” whenever they met in private? Secretly, we fear it would. The short and ugly word could not be used in a Mexican campaign with the freedom and good-humor that mark its employment here. It would be followed, we fear, by shootings, dynamitings, the knocking down of towns, and the blowing up of bridges. It is all a matter of temperament—what are you going to do about it?

THE news that most of the South American meat that comes to this country is consigned to the Beef Trust, and that most, if not all, of the cold-storage space on the only line of steamers plying between the United States and South America belongs by contract arrangement to the same enterprising organization, makes a pessimist of the little consumer person whose prayer is for cheaper steaks and roasts. Again has the word gone forth that to North American farmers must the consumer look for relief, and with such an apparently alluring prospect of a profitable market it

seems as though the man with a few acres of pasture land *must* go into the cattle business. Indeed, how can he keep out of it when the Beef Trust and thousands of meat-eaters, not to mention the Department of Agriculture, all are urging him to embark? To be sure, the Department of Agriculture has hinted very plainly that the farmer does n't get enough out of cattle-raising to encourage him to keep at it. It intimates that he has to sell to the agents of the Beef Trust or take his cattle back home. But *why* must he sell to the Beef Trust? Why cannot the small farmer, with a small cattle venture on his hands, sell direct to a retail butcher in his neighborhood, or to retail butchers at no great distance? Of course, there are no public slaughter-houses—that is one excellent reason; but aside from that, why is it? Can it be because the retail butcher, as things are now, would not dare to buy from the small farmer direct even if he wanted to? Can it be because the agents of the Beef Trust would soon hear of it if he did, and blacklist him, refuse to sell him any more meat at any price, and bring to bear the crushing weight of a nation-wide organization to punish him for his act and to drive him out of business? We cannot say that this is so; we merely ask, is it? Before the farmers of this country raise cattle enough to relieve materially the meat shortage, and bring prices down to a lower level, there must not only be ample facilities, outside of Beef Trust precincts, to handle their product, but there must be meat dealers who dare to buy of them. The only cheap thing in the meat line just now is the consumer's goat.



THAT FAMILY DOWNSTAIRS.



"THE MAN HIGHER UP."

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

How doth the busy Used-to-Be
Approve each bygone minute,
Until the humbled Present feels
The come-down that is in it!

How gleefully he rubs it in
To latter days—because
There's nothing now extant to match
The Golden Used-to-Was!

CLASSIFYING THE NEWS.

THE latest theatrical combination had reached the town, and the city editor was in a quandary. He went to the sporting editor and said, persuasively:

"I suppose you will cover the Bank Street Theatre to-night?"

"Why should I?" asked the sporting editor, instantly on the defensive.

"Well, you know, the star is an ex-prize-fighter."

"What of it? You can't work a theatre in on the sporting department while I'm running things. This show is no prize-fight."

The city editor sighed, and then looked up the society editor.

"Why, my deah boy," said the latter, "you really can't consider that in my department."

"The leading lady was a prominent society woman," explained the city editor.

"But she is n't now, you know," protested the society editor. "She's on the stage now, and you can hardly expect me to look after the drama."

The dramatic editor was astonished when he was asked.

"They have nothing to do with the drama!" he exclaimed.

"But it's in a theatre," argued the city editor.

"Quite right; but I'm not supposed to look after every exhibition that is given in a theatre. I am the dramatic editor, sir, and this entertainment certainly has nothing to do with the dramatic art."

As a last resort the city editor tried the night police-reporter.

"I can't see that it comes under the head of fire, accident, or crime," protested the reporter.

"You'll find it pretty close to crime," put in

the city editor, with some feeling. "It certainly should be treated as a misdemeanor." And by a vote of the entire staff it was decided that the night police-reporter was the man.

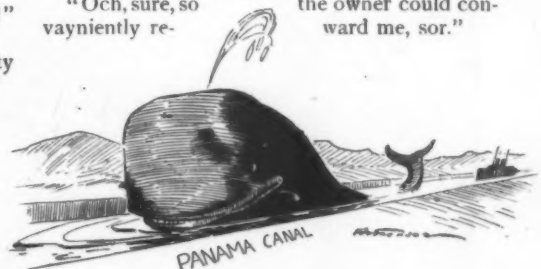
LOOKING AHEAD.

"No, my man, this is not mine. It was a twenty-dollar bill I lost."

"But it was a twinty-dollar bill before I got it changed, sor."

"What did you get it changed for?"

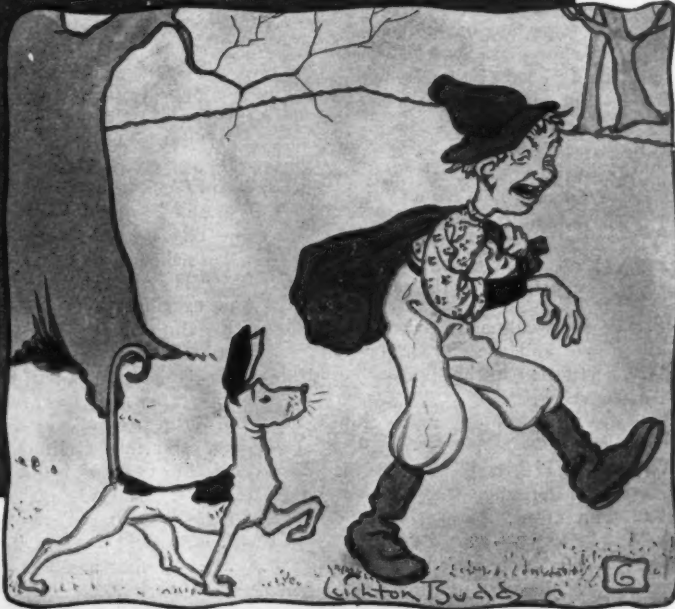
"Och, sure, so the owner could conveyniently re-ward me, sor."



A SHORT CUT.

"A splendid convenience! It makes it so easy when I want to visit over in the Atlantic."

As a mark of good breeding a toothbrush is worth more than a blazoned coat of arms.



BAGGING A RABBIT.

FROM WHITE TO BLACK.



THE RECENTLY-CIVILIZED ZULU FAMILY —

OLD FOES WITH NEW FACES.

HAVE here," said the tall, heavily-bearded man, "a very amusing true story, which may be available for your paper." And he handed the editor the following type-written anecdote:

"Our friend B—— is in trouble again, this time with his gas company. He had been away to England with his family for the summer, leaving his house shut tight. Imagine his surprise upon his return to be presented with the same old gas-bill. Going to the main office, he raged and stormed, as can be imagined, and a clerk was assigned to return with him and investigate. It was as B—— had said; his house was shut up, nailed, and barred. However, they found in the bath-room a small subdued gas-jet flickering on steadily, as it had been for the last three months!"

The editor gave one glance at the new contributor; then, springing forward, he tore the heavy, false whiskers from his frightened face, leaving the discomfited President of the Graball Gas Company detected as he stood.

"Foiled again!" he muttered hoarsely, and slunk out into the night.

NO HIGHER TRIBUNAL ON EARTH.

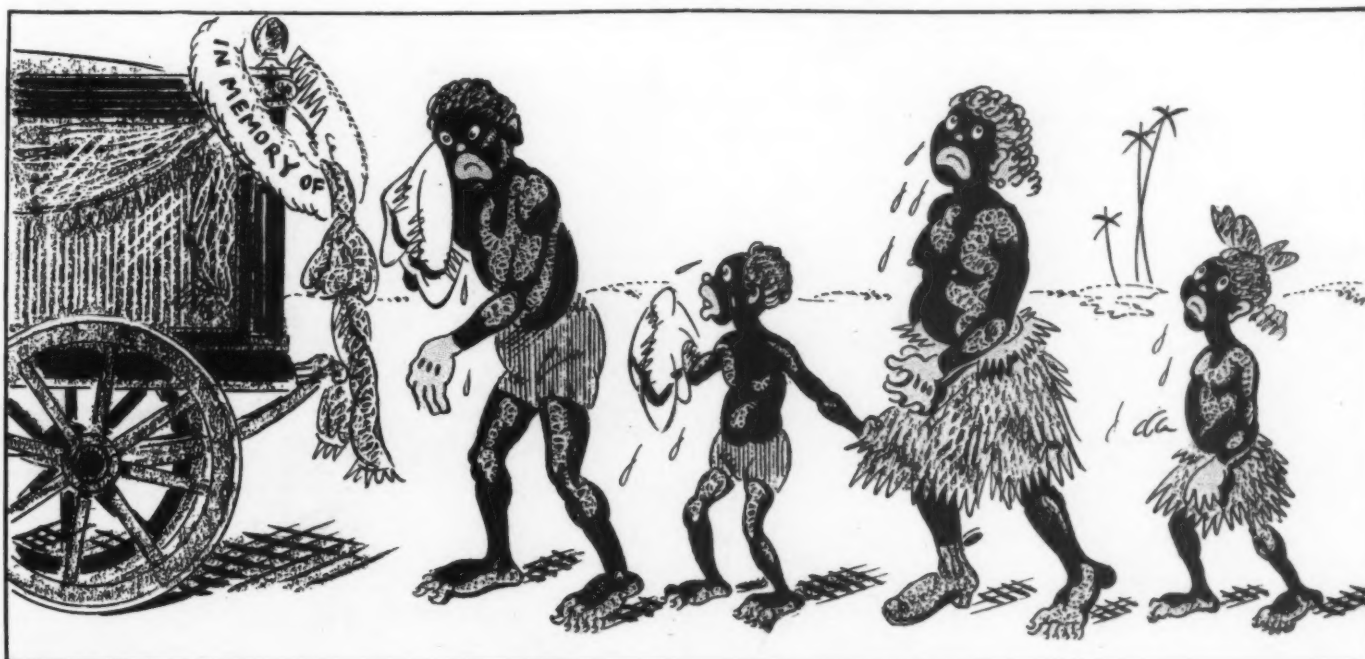
"I TELL you what it is," said Mrs. Fourthbell, as she paid her rent, "things are coming to a pretty pass!" There are about sixteen children running up and down the fire-escapes all day long."

"Complain to the janitor," said the agent, as he wrote out the receipt. "Then the people in the flat under us do nothing but talk all night long close to the shaft. We can hear every word they say and cannot sleep a wink."

"You would better complain to the janitor," repeated the agent. "The servant-girl in the flat above shakes her mats out of the front window, and our parlor is full of dust."

"Complain to the janitor," said the agent, mechanically. "But that is n't the worst of it," continued Mrs. Fourthbell. "The janitor himself does n't do anything he ought to do. Half the time he does n't take the ashes off the dumb-waiter, forgets to light the gas in the halls, keeps our letters in his pockets, and never can be found when wanted."

"In a case like that," said the agent, as he started to go, "I don't see that you can do anything, but—just pray!"



— GO INTO DEEP MOURNING FOR A RELATIVE.



SOME HORSE.

GRAIN-DEALER.—You owe me three dollars for oats, Jim. If you don't pay me I'll have to take your horse.

UNCLE JIM.—All right, suh. And I'll pay yo' de balance o' de three dollars just as soon as I kin!

THE ANNUAL STORY.

SUMMER.



THEY stood beneath the spreading tree
And talked as lovers should;
And then, to seal the compact, he
Cut "Mabel" on the wood.

AUTUMN.

Now back to town they both have strayed,
One day they chanced to meet;
And then and there the self-same maid
Cut "Charley" on the street.

A CHIP.

"JOHNNIE," said a prominent mine-operator to his youngest the other day, "I'll give you a dollar if you'll dig up the front yard for your sister's new garden."

"All right," said Johnnie, thoughtfully. "But I shall have to ask for twenty-five per cent. of the contract price in advance. Not as an evidence of good faith, but for working capital."

"Work—what do you mean?"

"Well, you see, I guess I'll bury the quarter somewhere and tell all the boys in the neighborhood that a pirate hid some treasure round there. When they strike that quarter they'll make the dirt fly, I can tell you. In that way I can clean up about seventy-five per cent. In fact, I——"

"Well, what?"

"In fact, I don't know but what I can also arrange so as to find that quarter *myself*. I'll work it just like that salted mine you were telling mamma about unloading on the street, last night."

And the father wept tears of joy.

AN OUTRAGE.

REGGY.—I was fwightfully insulted by a bah-tendah just now!
CHOLLY.—What did the bwute say?

REGGY.—I ahsked foh some beah, and the wetch said, "Wheah's youah pitchah, sonny?"

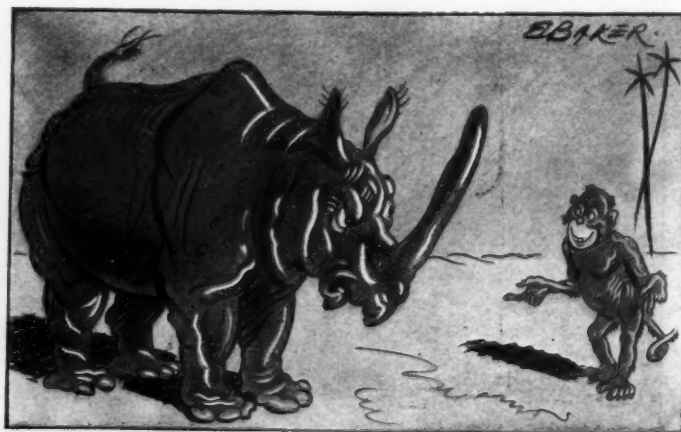
TO SOOTHE THE SAVAGE BREAST.

THE next time a vote is taken to place new names in the Hall of Fame let us hope that one master-mind, an inventor who conceived and gave the world the rich result of his inspiration, will not be forgotten. This candidate is the man who invented the circus steam-calliope. Buffalo Bill's Wild West has passed in its checks. It died with its boots on, and the Fates ordained that it should show its last show in what was once the Wild West—Denver, Colorado. The one-ringers and the three-ringers come and go, combine, consolidate, and delight the crowned heads of Europe, but the steam-calliope is right there in its place when the morning parade goes down Main Street. A circus without a steam-calliope is an unthinkable thing.



Practical men say that the steam-calliope is the acme of uselessness; that it is a closer approximation to the mathematical zero than the promises of a politician; that its sounds are not so musical as the fish-horn upon which the farmer's wife performs at dinner-time; that it is a perversion of the priceless principle of steam-power; that the town ordinance should prohibit it, the sheriff confiscate it, and the blacksmith rend it with his sledge. Practical men, so called, may say these things. But the proprietors of the mighty aggregations of mastodonic marvels know better. They know that so long as the human animal delights in the monstrous; so long as a man, otherwise sane and respectable, will take himself and family inside an evil-smelling tent on the bare promise that there is inside that tent a man with four legs, a lady weighing seven hundred pounds, and a genuine wild man (fresh from his native haunts)—just so long will the passionate note of the steam-calliope continue to delight and charm.

It is true that the steam employed in giving forth those strange sounds might turn a wheel for the making of shingles. Who cares for that? A shingle-mill is a banal thing. You can see shingles made any day. You can make a shingle yourself. But where, outside of a circus, is it possible to see a man shovel coal into one end of a mechanism, and hear the diatonic scale emerge from the other end? Nowhere. Nowhere.



PLENTY PLUS.

MONK.—Ha, Ha! Is that the Horn of Plenty?

RHINO.—Of good and plenty, young feller, if you don't stop getting gay with me.

The man who points out one's faults may be a true friend, but all the same we feel like kicking him.

MEASURES AND STANDARDS.

WHEN I was little boy the distance between our house and the "Square" was seven miles. The other day, being back in the home town, I traversed the distance afoot, and was surprised to find that it had shrunk to something less than a mile, and that I could do it in about fifteen minutes. I had a number of other surprises, which made me wonder whether, somehow, the whole territory had n't contracted from its former magnificent proportions.

For instance, down in back of "our house" there was a ball field. I am certain that when I played on the scrub on that diamond it was a field of enormous extent. The boy did n't live that could bat a ball over the left-fielder's head. It took four minutes for a swift runner to go around the bases. This ball field now is hardly bigger than a back yard. I could throw a sixteen-pound weight from the home-plate to first, and a lithe and agile person could jump from the pitcher's box to second base.

Down on the corner is the school to which I once dragged myself unwillingly. This school was, in those days, the largest edifice in the world. It was higher than Mount Washington (as shown in the jography) and the children could easily get lost in the playground in the rear. This building is now hardly bigger than a barn; and where it was once sumptuously beautiful in design and execution it is now barren and dingy. I wonder that children can have any respect for such a hovel.

There was a man that used to live across the street—a man named Pearson—who was, as I remember, a magnificent specimen of humanity. He was anywhere from seven to eight feet tall, with a deportment like unto a Greek god. He used to drive the horse-cars which passed the house at a speed of twenty-five miles an hour; and I wanted to be like him if I lived. Somebody has just told me that this man is the very motorman that brought me out on the trolley-car. I can't believe it. This motorman is an undersized runt with beetling brows and a kind of defective facial look. He is *not* the same man, even if his name is Pearson, and



THE DAY AFTER ELECTION.

FAIR ELECTOR.—Excuse me, but I wish you would n't take that down just yet. I've been thinking it over since yesterday, and I've come around to change my vote.

even if he did live in that magnificent and commodious house across the street when I was a little boy.

I positively refuse to recognize that stout matron, leaning on the front gate of what was once the palace where Mr. Brown lived, as the beautiful Jennie Dwyer of yester-year. Jennie was lovelier than Cinderella (when Cinderella was all dolled up) and had the figure of a sylph. This woman leaning on the front gate is an honest, motherly person, and a credit to the town, I have no doubt; but that she is Jenny Dwyer, the gazelle, I deny.

I don't know whether it is a good plan to come back to a town like this after being away so many years. Everything is unreal, discolored, weakened, inferior, and disappointing. Everything and everybody has changed. Except, of course, myself. I'm just the same. That's why it is all so disappointing.



THE CHEER LEADER.

THE FAIR LADY MAUD (at the tournament) — And they say, with all his seeming good-nature, he is most ungracious to the Lady Clare, his wife.

THE FAIR LADY GUINEVERE.—'Tis true. Not only doth he forbid her to attend the games, but he bites off the end of her best hat and doth use it for a megaphone!

THE PUCK PRESS.

IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED, TRY, TRY AGAIN!

THE MAN BEHIND.—He fell for it for twenty years on the tariff; maybe we can work it on the currency.



PUCK



PUCK

OODLES OF LOVE.

(A SUGGESTION FOR MUSICAL COMEDY.)

HE.—Here, in a hand-painted garden,
We really must warble and sing;
SHE.—No musical patron would pardon
Our failure to do such a thing;
HE.—I really can't think what to carol,—
Say, what sort of song shall we try?
SHE.—Oh, sing about love by the barrel,
A love-song will always get by!
Something that's lovey and dovey,
Something with kisses all through,
Something that's clingy and springy,
Swimming in sentiment, too!



CHORUS
We'll sing about oodles of love,
We'll sing about stars and above;
We'll spring all our gushy stuff,
Yellow and mushy stuff,
I'll be your sweet turtle-dove,
(Oh! What a 'tweet itty dove!)
Ain't that the spoony stuff,
Regular lunny stuff,
Oodles and oodles of love!

HE.—Here's where with ardor persuasive
I shout my song in your ear;
SHE.—Then, in a manner evasive,
I take my place over here.
HE.—Here's where the stage electrician
Turns on the calcium moon;
SHE.—Here's where I fulfill tradition,—
Honey, come close and we'll spoon!
Call me your tootsie and wootsie,
Call me your precious, now do;
Call me your lucky old ducky—
I'll do the same thing for you! (**CHORUS**.)

Berton Braley.

THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

WHEN his dad is a big object with whiskers that says "Boo!" to him.
When his papa is the biggest and best of men.
When his school-teacher knows better than his father.
When he knows better than either his governor or his school-teacher.
When his daddy again comes forward, in his opinion, as a pretty smart man.
When he strives and hopes, some day, by hard work, to be as smart as, or just a little smarter than, the old gentleman.

A LUXURIOUS FELLOW.

MESSENGER-BOY.—Did you call, sir?
CADSBY SCADDS.—Ya-as. Just step across the room there, and touch the electric button. I want my valet.



WINTER BASEBALL.

NATIONAL LEAGUE MAGNATES GETTING INTO THEIR MAKE-UPS FOR THE ANNUAL CONSPIRACY.



THE PHOTO-PLAYWRIGHT'S DREAM.

HENRY THE EIGHTH (spokesman for Nero, Marat, Blackbeard the Pirate, etc).—We'd like to repeat our various stunts for the "movies," young feller. What's the rake-off?

EXITS.

AN Indian committed suicide in Colorado because he heard that a tract of land which he once sold for a small sum of money had changed hands for \$3,000,000. If it had been a white man that destroyed himself on account of a bit of luck that happened to somebody else, nobody would be surprised. The very highest type of civilized white man will commit suicide, as is constantly proved in the newspaper reports, because his wife has n't dinner ready at seven o'clock sharp; because he was blackballed by the Independent Order of Opossums; because he lost his meal-ticket with seven unpunched dinners left on it; because the conductor failed to let him off at his station; or for any similar sufficient reason. But an Indian is supposed to lack this fine sense of vital propriety. It simply goes to show that the Indian has caught up with civilization while we weren't looking.

Races differ widely in their conception of sufficient reason for self-destruction. A Chinaman will hie himself to his ancestors by the volitional route because he has gone broke and can't pay his creditors. A Japanese will refuse to live because he happened to be on board a ship that lost its rudder while carrying a letter to the Emperor. Vienna has become famous as a place where disappointed lovers go out and annoy people in the public parks by shooting themselves. But the only country where a respectable, hardworking citizen will quit the world in disgust because the pie he expected to be mince proved to be apple is the United States.

This Indian, living in a country of persons who need so little provocation in this respect, has set an awful example. There are few of us who have not missed a chance to make a million dollars. If we had known there was oil on a certain bit of land, and had been anywhere near it, and had possessed the necessary money, and the owner could have been persuaded to sell it, we might now be living on Easy Street, instead of commuting in and out every day and rubbing the varnish off a chair in Somebody's office. If our great-grandmother had not carelessly given away that catsup recipe we might be able to motor in Europe in summer and go yachting in the West Indies in winter. If our ancestors had been bright enough to foresee that Mr. Woolworth would want to build a skyscraper on lower Broadway, and had bought that little block of soil in 1712, there would have been no reason now for us to stop up the keyhole and turn on the gas.





PERFECTLY SAFE.

"Are n't you afraid to let your little girl run about with that sharp hat-pin in her mouth?"

"Oh, she won't hurt it. Besides, it does n't matter; it's an old rusty one!"



A MODEST PREFERENCE.

THE Sporting Girl has a competent way,
She can ride and golf and row;
When she mans the boat you must obey,
For there's nothing she does n't know
But she beat me at golf when she first began
And the others laughed to see—
Beware of the girl that beats a man!
And she is n't the girl for me!

The Studious Girl has a stately air
In her dignified cap and gown;
I'll not deny that the lady is fair
With her sweet little scholarly frown.
But she's not the lady I like the best,
In spite of her high degree,
For she argued me down (were the truth confessed)—
And she is n't the girl for me!

Belinda is pretty and kind and gay,
Though she's never studied at all:
She agreed with me on election-day,
Though she failed at batting a ball;
And her heart is mine, if her eyes be true,
And she is the girl for me!
For, "What do you think?" and "What shall I do?"
"How wise you are!" says she.

C. H. Barlow.

THE BURGLAR'S SECRET.

IT was night—midnight. This indicates that there is going to be something gruesome about this story. But there is n't. Wait.

The soft murmur of a sou'-sou'-west zephyr was audible in the interstices of the darkness. Mr. Bucephalus K. Smock did not hear it. He was wrapped in the arms of slumber.

Beside the bed stood a solemn figure. It was a man clad in mystery, a paper mask, and a ten-dollar suit of clothes.

The man was a burglar.

He had entered the palatial residence of B. K. Smock by means of a skeleton key, and he carried in his hands a glittering stiletto.

While he was preparing to toss up a cent to see whether he should murder B. K. Smock or not, B. K. Smock awoke.

"What do you want?" he said.

"Your money or your life!" replied the burglar, in a ghastly, corpse-like, Tombstone-Arizona, whisper.

"Well," said B. K. Smock, "this is where you don't get either." And he drew a forty-four calibre automatic revolver from beneath his pillow and pointed it at the burglar's midriff.

"Hold on!" exclaimed the burglar. "I don't want all your money. I'll take three dollars and let it go at that."

"No three," said Smock, menacingly waving the lethal weapon.
"Make it two-fifty."
"No."
"I'll take thirty-seven cents," said the burglar, desperately.
"Not a thirty-seven," said Smock.
"Now see here," said the burglar, persuasively, "you are n't going to send me away without anything, are you?"
"Yes, sir, I am."

"Well, hold on; let's talk this thing over. I've come all the way down here from Saratoga County to get something or other, and I don't want to go back empty-handed. I should die of mortification. My mother and sister would blush at my want of success, and my little brother would call me a blamed big chump. I've got a girl up there, and she'd marry the other fellow sure if I went back without anything. Don't send me away like that. Think of my future. I'm new in this business. I want to get a fair start. There's no hope of success for a man in any calling if he does n't get a fair start. You don't want to ruin my prospects now, do you?"

B. K. Smock was touched. He disliked to admit it, but his sympathy was aroused.

"What will you take?" he asked.

"I'll take a sheet of note-paper with your autograph on it," said the burglar.

"All right," said B. K., "but tell me first how it is that you can begin by demanding so much, and then go away contented with so little?"

"Well," said the burglar, wiping away a warm, salt tear, "I began life as an office-seeker."



SAVING ENERGY.

"Gee, but dat's a short stump yer smokin'."

"Yep! I likes 'em better dat way. Yer don't have to draw de smoke so far."

AVAILABLE ADVANTAGES.

FATHER (to son, just home from college).—Well, what did you learn?
SON (proudly).—Why, father, I was one of the best all-around athletes in my class. For instance, I can clear that four-rail fence. Watch me!

FATHER.—No. Save your strength. I'll let you clear that ten-acre lot to morrow. It's chock full of weeds!



WHAT CITY FOLKS DRINK.—III.

A DROP OF PHILADELPHIA WATER, WITH SOME CHARACTERISTIC MICROBES.

The salting away of over-much money is often done in the brine of other people's tears.

RIDING TO HOUNDS.

I love those tales of English life,
Where horsemanship abounds,
The hero heads a lot of strife,
And always rides to hounds.

I'd like to ride to hounds myself
Across the fields of gorse,
But no amount of worldly pelf
Could get me on a horse.

I know I'd fall off, more or less,
And that would be a jar—
I'd have to run to hounds, I guess,
Upon a trolley-car.

—*Courier-Journal.*

"Do you assimilate your food,
aunt?"

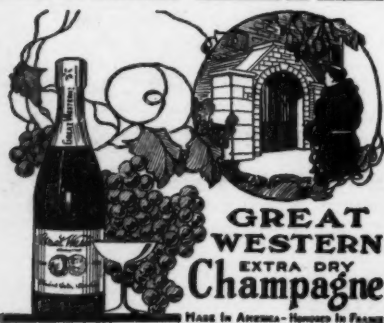
"No, I don't, sah. I buys it open
an' honest, sah."—*Baltimore American.*

"I'm glad I refused that man. He's
unworthy."

"Why do you say that?"

"He vowed he would pine away
and die if I turned him down, and
now look how fat he has grown!" —
Courier-Journal.

Made in America, Honored in France



ITS inimitable flavor, its brilliancy, the charm
of its bouquet, makes one feel that this is
indeed a delightfully rare wine.

Great Western

An American champagne, produced from the
original formula of Dom Perignon, the first
maker of champagne, the best French method
of producing a rare, delightful, and delicious,
sparkling wine. Its cost represents imported
wine value, minus U. S. customs tax.

Awarded Gold Medal in competition with finest foreign wines at
PARIS, FRANCE, 1867, 1889 and 1900; VIENNA, AUSTRIA,
1873, and BRUSSELS, BELGIUM, 1887 and 1910, thereby ac-
cepted and honored as superior, by European Connoisseurs.

SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE LITERATURE.

Pleasant Valley Wine Co.
Rheims, N. Y.

OLDEST AND LARGEST MAKERS OF CHAMPAGNE IN AMERICA



RIPENED BY AGE THE PERFECTION OF PURITY

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.



MOTHER.—What are you crying for now?
URCHIN (who has been playing with his brother).—Boo-hoo!
Billie's got all my best dirt!—*London Opinion.*

A teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters with your Grape Fruit
makes an ideal appetizing tonic. Sample of bitters by mail,
25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

A EUGENIC LOVE-SONG.

Stick out your tongue, my love, and let me
see
Once more its pink, uncoated loveliness.
Eugenia, healthy maid, each day I bless.
The hour when first you felt the pulse of me!

Behold the birthday gift I bring to thee:
A brand-new stethoscope! Ah, nothing
less!
But oh, my dear, it gives me great distress
To see you eat hot muffins with your tea!

Loved one, I know no other dame or maid
Whose bony conformation equals thine!
And when thy adenoids are cured next
year,
And my rheumatic ghosts have all been laid,
Eugenia, love, the doc. will make you mine;
But pray be careful of your diet, dear.

—*The Sun.*

**Shirley
President
Suspenders**
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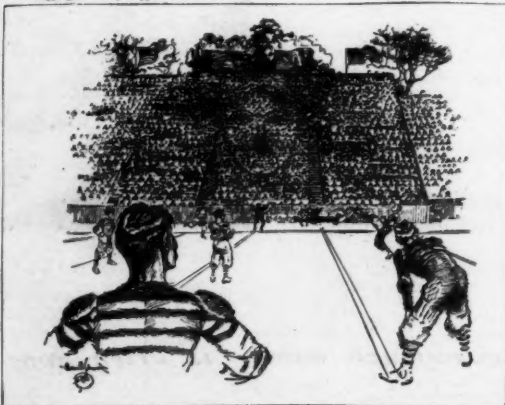
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AS IT SEEMED TO HIM.

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By Stuart Travis.

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A GOOD VERDICT.

The "gentlemen of the jury" are often accused of stupidity, but it is doubtful if a more pronounced case can be found than that which occurred in a remote town in Maine not long since.

The clerk of the court addressed the jury:

"Well, gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon a verdict?"

"We have," replied the foreman.

"What say you? Do you find the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty of the crime?"

"We do."

"You do? Do what?"

"We find the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty."

"But, gentlemen, you must explain."

"You see, six of us finds him guilty, and six finds him not guilty."—*Sunday Magazine.*

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THE NEW WAY.

"What will we put in the magazine this month?"

"About forty pages concerning what we had last month."

"Yes?"

"And forty more about what we will have next month."

"And then?"

"That ought to be enough for this month."—*Washington Herald.*

THE following was written by the eight-year-old daughter of a suburbanite:

I should worry,
I should care,
I should marry a millionaire.
If he should die,
I should cry;
I should marry another guy.
—*Evening Post.*

"My wife kisses me evenings when I get home late."

"Affection?"

"No — investigation."—*Boston Transcript.*



When old friends get together and memories of bygone days are revived, there is one beverage that best fits the occasion—

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The heart of the sun-ripened grain, crystal mountain water and the century-old processes of distilling carried out in a modern plant make Old Overholt Rye the choice of men who know. Distilled and bottled in bond.

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What's the Matter?

SOMEBODY HURT. An automobile turning a corner struck a man crossing the street who had become confused and did not get out of the way. The crowd is gathering to see the ambulance carry the man away.

Every hour of the day such accidents are happening on the streets. The carelessness of others and your own hurry puts you in constant danger of accidental injury.

There are a thousand causes of accident. Not the least numerous are those at home, office, travel and recreation.

A \$3,000 accumulative accident policy, the best on the market, costs at the rate of about 4 cents a day.

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Still, when you ask me for my hand You pledge "a life's devotion." Such I. O. U.'s, please understand, Are scarcely to my notion.

My lawyer rates extremely low This contract that you proffer. I am a business woman, so I must reject your offer!

Such poor collateral, you see, My banker won't consider. "For 'love preferred' or 'bonds,'" says he, "I cannot find to my notion."

However, if you care to make A little business journey, The matter you may freely take To J. Brown, my attorney.

There half your worldly wealth assign And your life-partner make me, Then I will joyfully be thine.

SUE SMITH.

P. S.—Come take me. —Chicago News.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

DOBBS.—Has the widow given you any encouragement?

HOBBS.—Rather! When I asked her how long her husband had been dead, she said he'd been dead about long enough.—Brooklyn Citizen.

WIFE.—Yes, in a battle of tongues a woman can always hold her own.

HUSBAND.—Perhaps she can—but she never does.—Denver News.

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"Show me your friends and I will tell you who you are," is a saying old and true. No beverage ever had such a large circle of Loyal friends as Sunny Brook—The Pure Food Whiskey. Its popularity is not limited to any particular section—Sunny Brook is a universal favorite everywhere. It is a safe, sane, satisfying stimulant, and this, combined with its exquisite flavor, rich mellowness, and high tonic properties, have earned for Sunny Brook its world-wide supremacy.

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SUNNY BROOK is now bottled with our own patented "Twister" stoppers. One twist un-corks or re-corks the bottle tight. No Need for Cork Screws.

LOOK FOR THE INSPECTOR ON THE LABEL

JOURNALISTIC.



EDITOR (of EMU AND KANGAROO GAZETTE).—Here, you'll have to postpone Jones's death and put off the birth of Flannigan's twins till Saturday. There's a patent-medicine advertisement just come in!

—Sydney Bulletin.

Sliced Oranges with a dash of Abbott's Bitters are appetizing and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. O. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

"ALPHONSE," the American girl asked her titled husband one evening, "why have you been so strange and cold of late?" "Did n't you tell me last week that your father was failing?" "Yes—physically failing," she replied. "Oh!" and his look brightened. He heaved a sigh of relief. "Oh," said he, "that's all right, then! I thought it was something serious."—Princeton Tiger.



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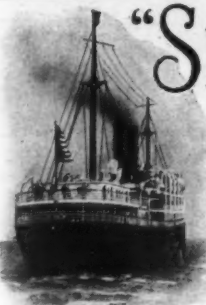
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PEN MIGHTIER THAN FEET.

Henry Miller tells how Boucicault once criticised him for crossing the stage during a long speech in one of the Irish dramatist's plays.

"Why did you make that cross?" Boucicault asked.

"To create a sense of action," replied Mr. Miller.

"I want to tell you something," said Boucicault. "If I cannot interest the audience with my pen, you cannot interest them with your feet."—*Exchange*.



HOSPITABLE CARTER (after borrowing a match from stranger to whom he has offered a lift).—"Y' see, I b'aint allowed t' have no matches when I be cartin' blazin' powder fur them old quarries up along."—*Punch*.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
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50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.

Too Busy.

NOTARY.—Sign your name right here, Uncle Rastus.

UNCLE RASTUS.—Ah doesn't write mah name, suh. Ah has no time fuh dem triffin' details o' business. Ah allus dictates mah name, suh.—*Cleveland Leader*.

READ THIS, DADDIES.

Delia Flinn married late in life, so late, in fact, that many of her friends had begun to think that she would never take a mate. They were consequently much interested in her housekeeping, and professed themselves greatly amazed as day after day proved that she really loved Tim and was not worn out having him "under foot." Delia made a very fine wife, and when baby came her happiness was complete. "Ah, ye should see Tim wid the baby!" exclaimed one of her friends among themselves. "Ain't he stuck on it! Ye'd think it was the foist child iver born into the world!"

One day a caller came away, one who had been rather "sweet" on Tim. "As I'm a livin' sowl," she afterward said, "he gets up ivery mornin' two hours before his work, so he can wash an' dress th' baby himself!"

"Wash th' baby an' dress him!" exclaimed another. "Why don't Delia do it herself?"

"Delia!" was the scornful reply. "Delia! That old maid! She'd dis-throy it!"—*Sunday Magazine*.

NOT STRAIGHT.

She tried to kill him with a glance,
But she was, truth to tell,
So cross-eyed that, by grievous chance,
A poor bystander fell!

—*Milwaukee News*.

LITTLE WANTED.

Man wants but little here below,
But when it comes to dress
A walk abroad will quickly show
That woman wants still less.

—*London Opinion*.

TIMELY AID.

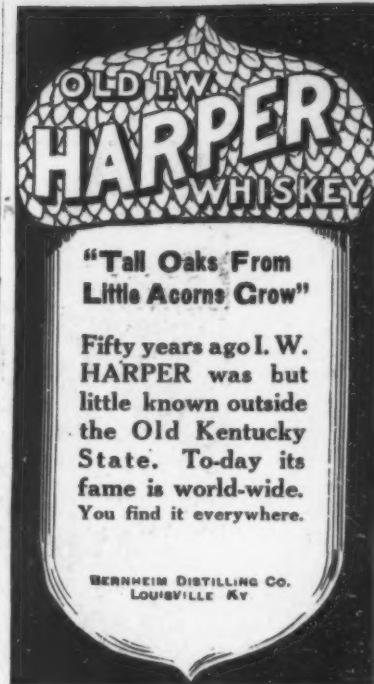
An old colored woman came into a Washington real-estate office the other day and was recognized as the tenant of a small house that had become much enhanced in value by reason of a new union station in that neighborhood.

"Look here, auntie, we are going to raise your rent this month," the agent remarked, briskly.

"'Deed, an' Ah's glad to hear dat, sah," the old woman replied, ducking her head politely. "Mighty glad, fo' sho', case Ah des come in hyah ter-day ter tell yo'-all dat Ah could n't raise hit dis month."—*Harper's Magazine*.

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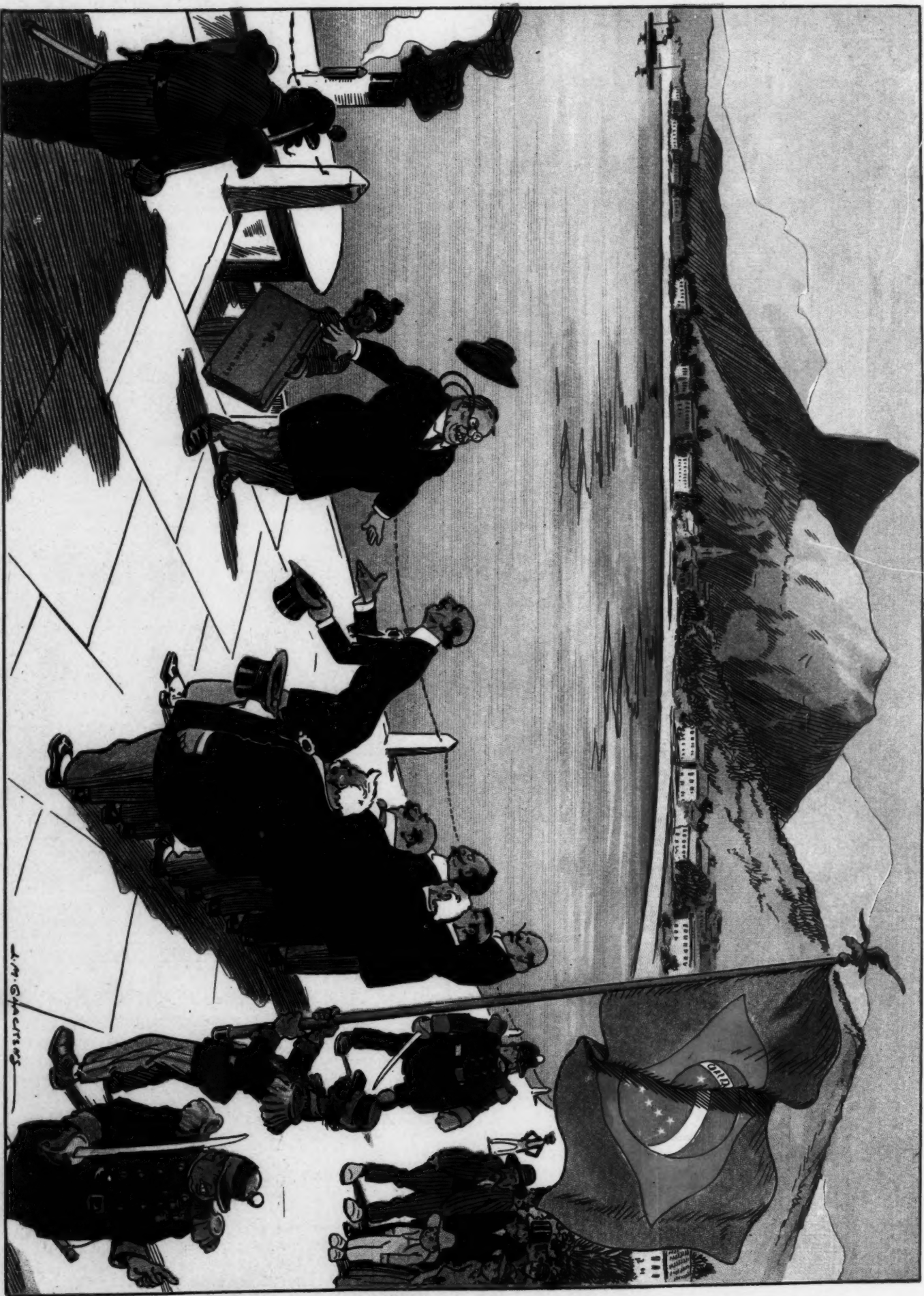
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